

THE MARSHAL WHO TAMED THE WEST!

WYATT EARP 40

HIS GUNS ARE THE LAW!

75c *
(NZ 90c)



FRONTIER MARSHAL FIGHTS AGAIN!

PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

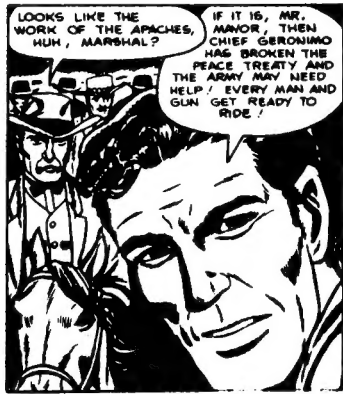
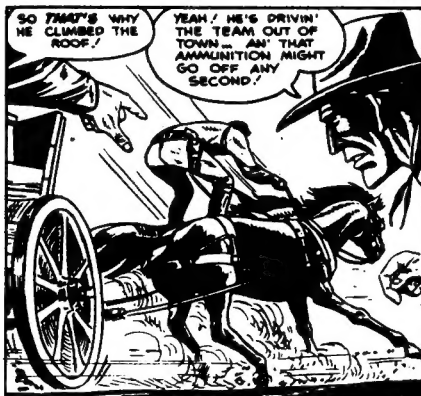
WYATT EARP

FRONTIER MARSHAL



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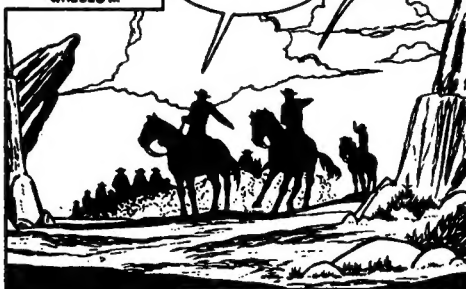
IT WAS NO CHORE
FROM THE PLACE
WHERE THE WAGON
HAD COME FROM...
ALL WE HAD TO DO
WAS FOLLOW THE
SIGN MADE BY THE
WHEELS...

FROM THE WAY
THE GROUND IS
CHURNED UP IN
THIS SPOT, IT
APPEARS THERE
MUST'VE BEEN
QUITE A FIGHT!

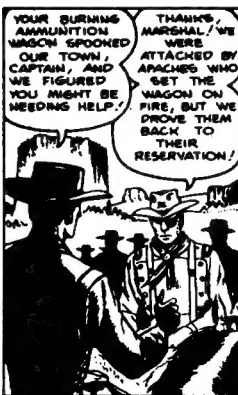
ALL THE
HOOFMARKS
LEAD THAT
WAY. LET'S
FOLLOW
THEM!

EITHER THE ARMY TROOPS
CHASSED THE APACHES AWAY,
OR ELSE THE INDIANS
TOOK 'EM ALL PRISONER!

REIN UP!
I HEAR
HORSES!

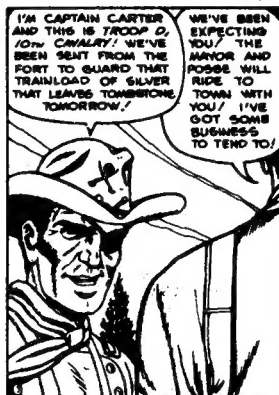


A UNITED
STATES CAVALRY
TROOP!



YOUR BURNING
AMMUNITION
WAGON SPOOKED
OUR TOWN,
CAPTAIN, AND
WE FIGURED
YOU MIGHT BE
NEEDING HELP.

THANKS, MARSHAL! WE
WERE
ATTACHED BY
APACHES WHO
SET THE
WAGON ON
FIRE, BUT WE
DROVE THEM
BACK TO
THEIR
RESERVATION!



I'M CAPTAIN CARTER
AND THIS IS TROOP D,
10TH CAVALRY! WE'VE
BEEN SENT FROM THE
FORT TO GUARD THAT
TRAINLOAD OF SILVER
THAT LEAVES TOMORROW.

WE'VE BEEN
EXPECTING
YOU, THE
MAJOR AND
POSSIE WILL
RIDE TO
TOWN WITH
YOU. I'VE
GOT SOME
BUSINESS
TO TEND TO!



AND THAT
BUSINESS IS
GERONIMO!



WELCOME TO MY
WICKIUP, FRIEND-
WHO WEARS THE
BADGE!

THIS ISN'T A FRIENDLY
VISIT, CHIEF GERONIMO!
I WANT TO KNOW WHY
YOU BROKE THE PACE
TREATY AND ATTACKED
THE U.S. CAVALRY!

EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, THE SILVER-LOADED TRAIN FROM TOMBSTONE PULLED OUT...

THAT SURE WAS A MIGHTY FINE IDEA OF YOURS, MR. MAYOR, GETTIN' THE ARMY TO RIDE THE TRAIN AS GUARDS!

WHY MARSHAL EARP WAS HERE TO SEE IT LEAVE! WONDER WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM? HE HAVEN'T BEEN BACK TO TOWN SINCE HE LEFT US YESTERDAY!



THE TRAIN STRAINED UP MOUNTAIN PASSES AND ROLLED DOWN STEEP GRADES... THEN IT CAME TO THE FLAT, OPEN PLAINS...



WHAT'S THAT UP AHEAD?

TROUBLE!

IT'S A GANG OF ROBBERS TRYIN' TO HOLD UP THE TRAIN!

AND LOOK WHO'S LEADIN' 'EM... WYATT EARP!



KEEP FIRING! THEY MUST NOT BOARD THIS TRAIN!

YES SIR, CAPTAIN! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF EARP AND HIS GANG!

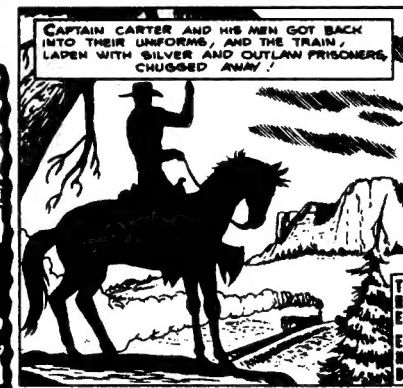
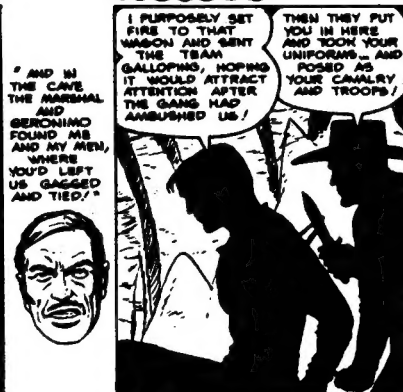


BUT IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND... WE TOOK CARE OF THEM!



YOU'RE A DISGRACE TO EVERY LAWMAN WHO EVER WORE A STAR OR BADGE, WYATT EARP! THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WILL GET YOU FOR THIS!

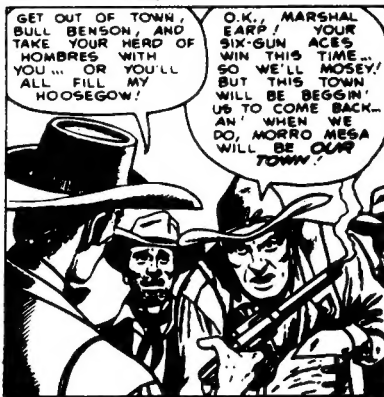




PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

WYATT EARP

FRONTIER
MARSHAL

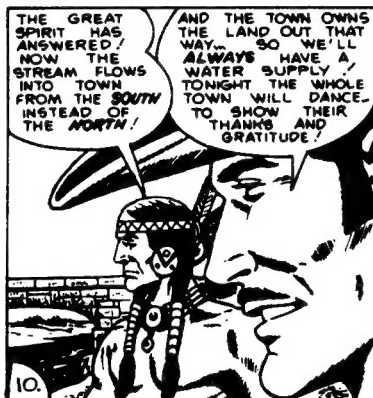






THE COTTONWOOD DRUMS THROBbed ALL DAY AND ALL NIGHT! TALL FEATHER AND HIS INDIANS DANCED AND CHANTED! THE CITIZENS WATCHED... WITH PRAYERS ON THEIR LIPS...

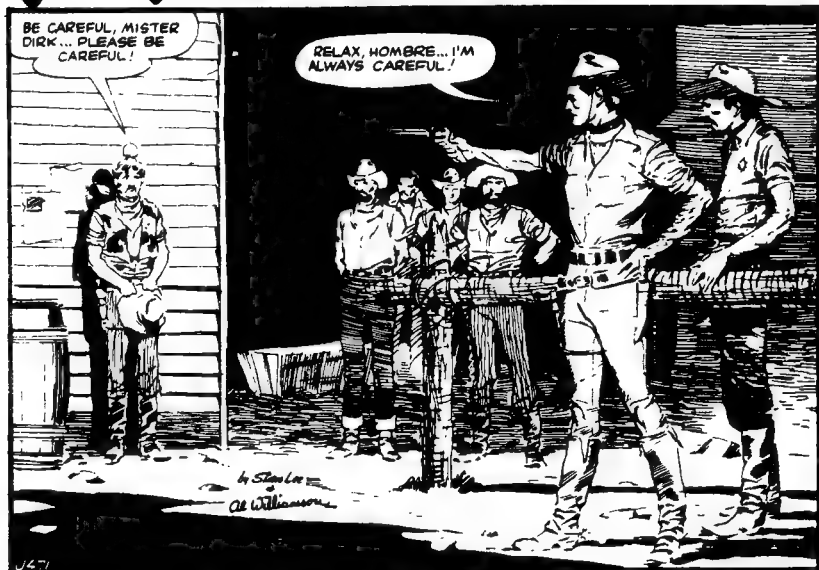
WHEN THE CLOUDLESS MORNING BLOSSOMED THE DRUMS PULSED NO MORE... THE FEET OF THE INDIANS WERE STILL! THEIR LIPS CHANTED NO MORE...



LIKE I SAID... SOME THINGS THAT HAPPEN CAN'T BE EXPLAINED... BUT THEY DO HAPPEN... LIKE THE MYSTERY OF MORRO MESA!



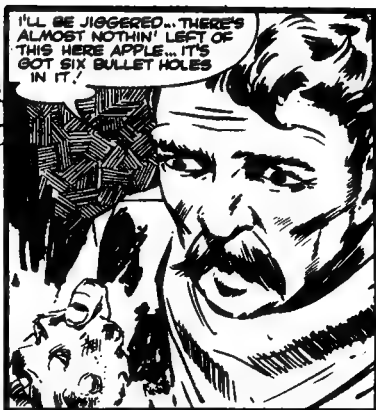
Genius with a GUN!



ALL RIGHT, I RECKON I MIGHT
AS WELL GET IT OVER WITH!



I'LL BE JIGGERED... THERE'S
ALMOST NOTHIN' LEFT OF
THIS HERE APPLE... IT'S
GOT SIX BULLET HOLES
IN IT!



HEAR THAT, GENTS! SIX BULLET HOLES
IN THAT APPLE... NOW I RECKON YUH'LL
ALL BE PLUMB DELIGHTED TO PAY
UP YORE BETS!

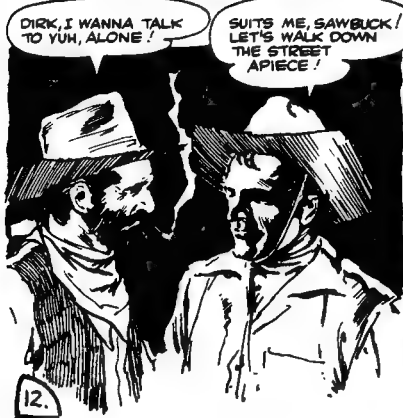
STILL DON'T
BELIEVE IT!

WHATEVER ELSE YUH MAY THINK
OF 'IM, THAT DIRK IS A *GENIUS*
WITH A GUN!



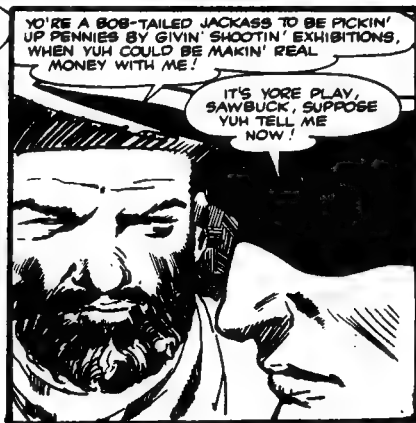
DIRK, I WANNA TALK
TO YUH, ALONE!

SUITS ME, SAWBUCK!
LET'S WALK DOWN
THE STREET
A PIECE!



YO'RE A BOB-TAILED JACKASS TO BE PICKIN'
UP PENNIES BY GIVIN' SHOOTIN' EXHIBITIONS,
WHEN YUH COULD BE MAKIN' REAL
MONEY WITH ME!

IT'S YORE PLAY,
SAWBUCK, SUPPOSE
YUH TELL ME
NOW!







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WYATT EARP

FRONTIER
MARSHAL

THE TOWN WAS
USUALLY DESERTED
AND QUIET WHEN
I MADE MY NIGHTLY
PATROL. BUT ONE
NIGHT, A DARK
FIGURE CAME FLYING
DOWN FROM A LOW
ROOF... AND I WAS...
BUSHWHACKED!



HEY!
GET OFF
MY BACK!

BEFORE I COULD
TURN TO DISLODGE
THE BUSHWHACKER,
HE HAD STRUCK
SWIFTLY!



IN A FEW
MINUTES, THE
CROWDS
BEGAN TO
CLEAR FROM
MY ACHING
HEAD...

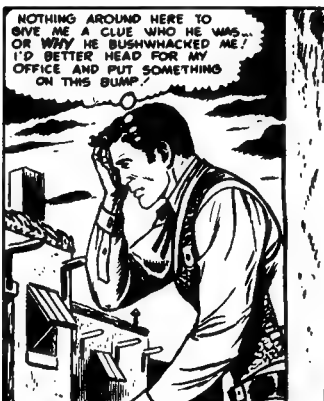


WHOEVER THE
BUSHWHACKER
WAS, HE SURE
PACKED A
WALLOP.

STREET'S
DESERTED!



NOTHING AROUND HERE TO
GIVE ME A CLUE WHO HE WAS...
OR WHY HE BUSHWHACKED ME!
I'D BETTER HEAD FOR MY
OFFICE AND PUT SOMETHING
ON THIS BUMP.



SOON AS I
STEPPED INTO
MY PLACE, I
GOT THE
ANSWER TO
MY WHY
QUESTION...



HIS CELL
DOOR IS
OPEN.

AND HE'S GONE! THE
BUSHWHACKER WHO
JUMPED ME TOOK MY
KEYS TO SET "SIX-GUN"
SHAW FREE!



I'M SUPPOSED TO HAND "SIX-GUN" OVER TO THE
STATE PENITENTIARY GUARDS TOMORROW, SO HE
CAN START SERVING HIS TEN-YEAR SENTENCE
FOR ROBBERY... BUT NOW HE'S ON THE LOOSE!
WHY WOULD ANYBODY HELP THE WORST OUTLAW
IN THE WEST ESCAPE? WHO'D DO A THING
LIKE THAT?



THE ANSWER TO
MY WHO QUESTION
CAME TO ME AS
CLEAR AS HANDWRITING
ON A WALL, WHEN I
WAS PUTTING THE
YODINE ON MY BUMP.



"ACE"
ALLEN!

/CHECKED MY
BRACE OF
COLTS AND WENT
DOWN THE
STREET TO
'ACE' ALLEN'S
PLACE ...



HOWDY, MARSHAL!
LOOKIN' FOR
SOMEBODY?

YEAH, 'ACE'... YOU!
I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR
BUSHWHACKING AND FOR
AIDING THE ESCAPE OF
A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL!

MIN? YOU'RE
LOCO, MARSHAL!



I'M ALSO THE LAW
IN TOMBSTONE!
GIVE ME YOUR GUN,
'ACE'... BUTT
FIRST!

O.K.,
WYATT!



LIKE YOU
SAID...
BUTT
FIRST!



/ DODGED AND 'ACE'S' GUN BUTT
HAMMERED DOWN ON THE BAR
INSTEAD OF MY HEAD...



NOW I'LL GO TAKE
A LOOK INTO THE BACK
ROOM WHERE YOU
LIVE ...





THEN I STOPPED SHOOTING AND NO MORE BULLETS CAME FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, EITHER ...



THE DOOR WAS LOCKED... SO I "UNLOCKED" IT...



AS THE DOOR SWUNG OPEN, THERE STOOD "SIX-GUN" SHAW WITHOUT HIS GUNS...



I DON'T GET IT, LAWMAN! HOW COULD YOU SHOOT THE HARDWARE OUT OF MY HANDS WITH A DOOR BETWEEN US?

ALL I DID WAS AIM AT THE BULLET HOLES YOUR SHOTS MADE IN THE DOOR TO FIGURE WHERE YOUR GUNS WERE.

AND HOW DID YOU KNOW I BUSHWHACKED YOU AND HELPED "SIX-GUN" ESCAPE?



THE BUTT PLATE OF YOUR GUN TOLD ME! YOU'VE GOT YOUR NAME ENGRAVED ON IT, AND IT LEAVES A MARK ON ANYTHING IT HITS... LIKE WHEN YOU HIT THE BAR WITH IT AFTER MISSING ME!

AND THAT'S THE KIND OF BRAND IT LEFT ON MY FOREHEAD AFTER YOU BUSHWHACKED ME! IT CAME OUT PLAIN AS DAY WHEN I SWABBED IODINE OVER IT!



YOU FOULED UP EVERYTHING, "ACE"! SO HAND OVER THAT THOUSAND DOLLARS I PAID YOU TO GET ME OUT OF JAIL!

NEITHER COULD SPEND THE MONEY WHERE THEY WERE GOING THE NEXT MORNING.



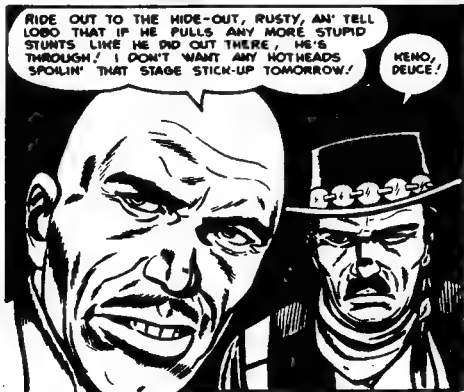
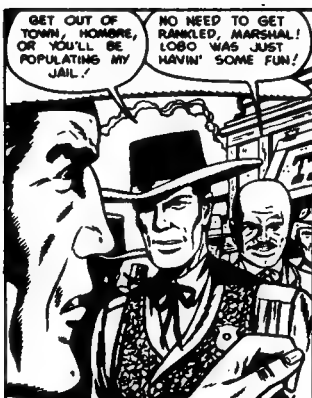
SO LONG, MARSHAL! BUSINESS SURE HAS PICKED UP IN TOMBSTONE SINCE YOU CAME! SEE YOU NEXT TRIP!

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WYATT EARP

FRONTIER MARSHAL







LATE THAT AFTERNOON, THE STAGE ROLLED IN, AND THE WAY IT CAME, I COULD TELL THERE MUST'VE BEEN TROUBLE ALONG THE WAY ...



YEP, WE WERE STUCK UP, MARSHAL! IT HAPPENED ON THE UPGRADE IN BUSHWHACK PASS!

COME INSIDE AND GIVE ME ALL THE DETAILS!

WHEN LOBO OPENS THAT STRONGBOX AN' SEES ALL THAT GOLD, HE MIGHT GET IDEAS TO START RIDIN' WITHOUT SPLITTIN' THE LOOT!

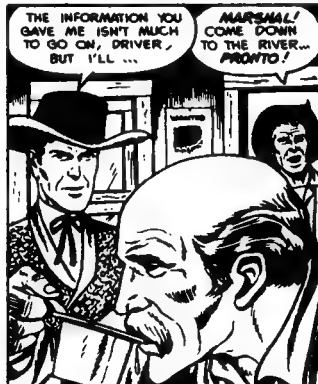


I BETTER RIDE OUT TO THE HIDE-OUT AND MAKE SURE I GET MY SHARE ... AND MAYBE RUSTY'S AND LOBO'S ...



THE INFORMATION YOU GAVE ME ISN'T MUCH TO GO ON, DRIVER, BUT I'LL ...

MARSHAL! COME DOWN TO THE RIVER ... PRONTO!



POTS AN' PANS! THE RIVER'S FULL OF 'EM!

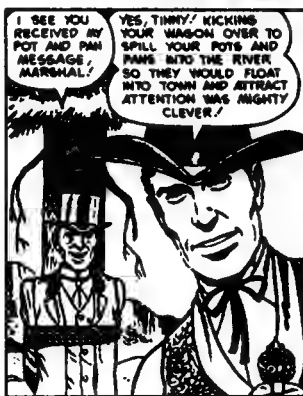
THAT'S TINNY TAYLOR'S MERCHANDISE! SOMETHING MUST'VE HAPPENED TO HIM UPRIVER!



CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT FOOL TRAVELIN' MAN BRACIN' UP AGAINST THE TREE AN' SHOVIN' HIS OWN WAGON INTO THE RIVER? RECKON HE THOUGHT THE NOISE OF HIS POTS AN' PANS WOULD ATTRACT ATTENTION!

MAYBE IT DID! SOMEBODY'S COMIN'!





THE MARSHAL WHO TAMED THE WEST!



WYATT EARP

HIS GUNS ARE THE LAW!



TOO MANY MURDERERS!

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FRONTIER MARSHAL





I KNEW IT HAD HAPPENED THE DAY BEFORE... ONLY TWO HOURS OUT OF DODGE. WHOEVER DID IT HAD SHOT TOM IN THE BACK, COLDLY, MERCILESSLY. THE PAYROLL, OF COURSE, WAS GONE.

BACK IN DODGE, I HAD ONLY ONE CLUE... TOM HAD BEEN KILLED BY A .44 SLUG... AND .44'S WEREN'T TOO PLENTIFUL IN DODGE. MOST OF OUR CITIZENS PREFERRED THE MORE POPULAR .45'S.

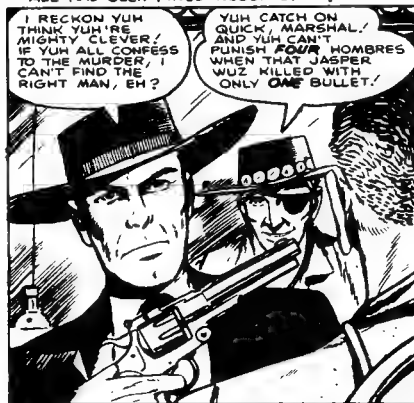




I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS! IT WAS TOO SUDDEN... TOO SIMPLE! THERE HAD TO BE A TWIST TO IT!



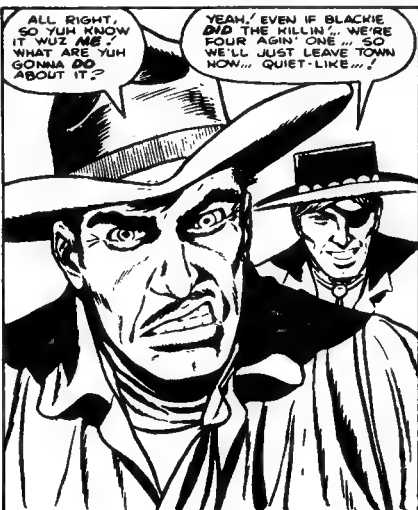
I EXAMINED THEIR GUNS... THEY WERE ALL .44'S... ALL HAD BEEN FIRED RECENTLY....!

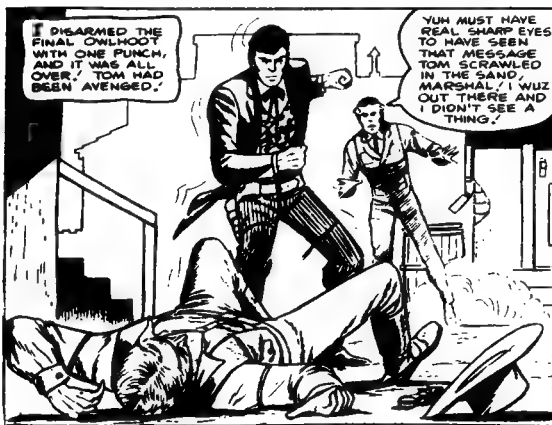
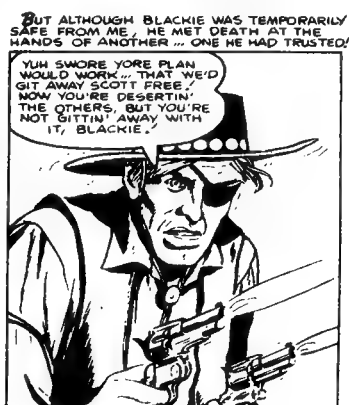
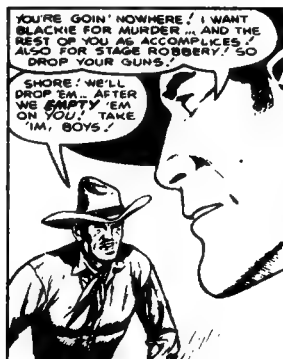


I COULDN'T SLEEP THAT NIGHT! I JUST PACED MY OFFICE ... TRYING TO THINK ... TRYING TO FIND THE ANSWER ...



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG. I RODE OUT TO THE STAGE AGAIN ... AND FOUND SOMETHIN' YUH'D ALL MISSED ... TOM SANDS HAD WRITTEN A DESCRIPTION OF THE KILLER IN THE SAND AFORE HE DIED ...





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WYATT EARP FRONTIER MARSHAL

ONE OF THE CURSES OF BEING A FAST GUN WAS HAVING EVERY JASPER IN THE WEST TRYING TO PROVE HE COULD OUTDRAW ME! MOSTLY THEY WERE JUST TALK... BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN ONE OF THEM WOULD ACTUALLY TRY IT... LIKE THE DAY REB HARPER LEFT THE SALOON AND WEAVED TOWARD ME...

GO ON HOME AND SLEEP IT OFF BEFORE YOU GET HURT, REB! YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION TO DRAW AGAINST ANYONE... LEAST OF ALL, ME!

YOU HEARD ME, MARSHAL! I CLAIM YUH GOT A STREAK OF YELLA IN YORE MAKE-UP! AND IFN YUH WON'T DRAW, I WILL ANYWAY... NOW!

by Stan Lee

THE
MAN
WHO
OUT-DREW
EARP

DICK AYERS P. 28

THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO... AND I DID IT JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME... BECAUSE REB HARPER WAS A MIGHTY FAST MAN WITH A GUN.

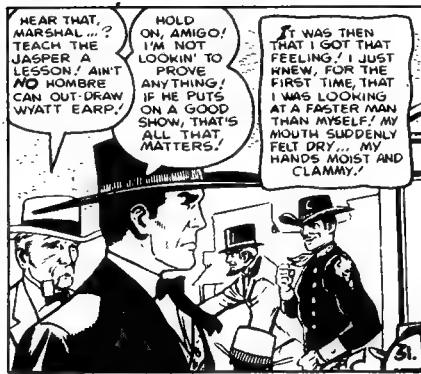
MAN, THAT'S SHOOTIN'!

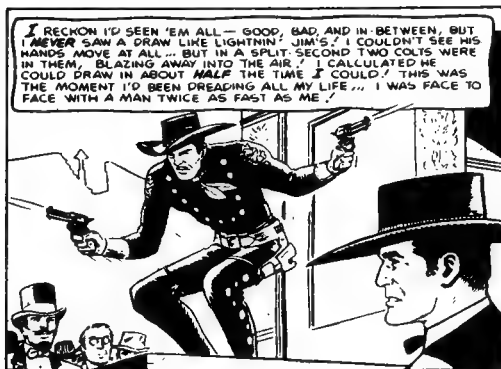
I COULDN'T HARDLY SEE HIS HAND MOVE.

AS SOME OF THE BOYS STEERED REB TO A CELL TO SLEEP IT OFF, I COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING SOME SNATCHES OF CONVERSATION FROM THE CROWD...



I COULDN'T GET THAT THOUGHT OUT OF MY MIND! SOMEDAY I HAD TO MEET A FASTER GUN THAN I WAS... WHEN WOULD IT BE? AND WHO WOULD IT BE?

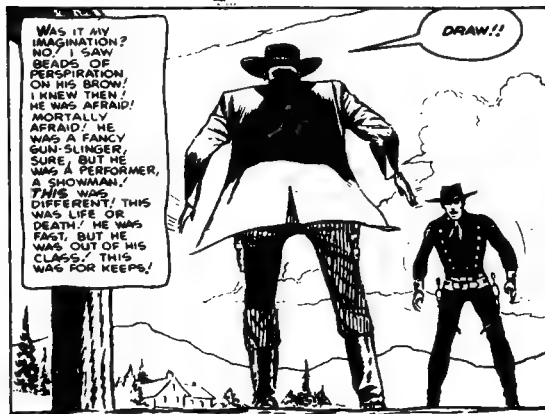






I KNEW I HAD SEALED MY DEATH WARRANT... BUT I WAS READY TO GO DOWN LIKE A MAN, NOT A SHIVELLING BOOT-LICKER! I TOOK OFF MY MARSHAL'S SHIELD - AND STEPPED INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET...





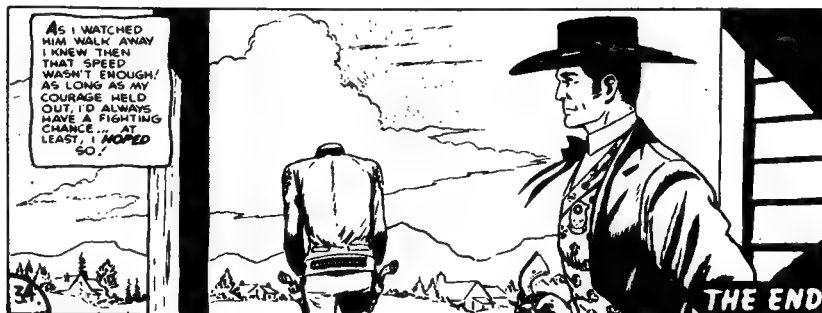
HE WAS AS FAST AS I KNEW HE'D BE. HIS COLTS WERE OUT WHILE I WAS STILL SEIZING MINE... BUT HIS HANDS WERE SHAKING, HIS LIPS QUIVERING, HE HAD SPEED... HE HAD FLASH...



I HAD MY OWN IRONS A SPLIT SECOND LATER... AIMED RIGHT AT HIS HEART, BUT I HELD MY FIRE... FOR AN AMAZING THING HAPPENED.



BEFORE THE EYES OF THE ENTIRE CROWD, HIS COLTS SLID FROM HIS LIMP FINGERS, WHILE HIS EYES CONTINUED TO PLEAD FOR MERCY.



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WYATT EARP

FRONTIER
MARSHAL



"RED" ROOKER AND HIS THREAT WERE THE TALK OF THE TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT FOLKS SOON FORGOT THEM BOTH! AND AFTER THREE YEARS, NOBODY IN CANYON CITY EVEN KNEW "RED" HAD EVER EVEN EXISTED...

THINGS HAVE BEEN SO QUIET 'ROUND HERE LATELY, THE MARSHAL'S TAKIN' TO DABBLIN' WITH COLORS!

YEAH, LIKE A SCHOOL KID ... AM'NIM A GROWN MAN!

SAY... WHAT'S HICKIN' UP THAT CLOUD OF DUST OUT THERE ON THE PLAINS?

WHATEVER IT IS... IT'S COMIN' TOWARD TOWN!



AND THEN, A LOT SOONER THAN YOU COULD SAY **BUFFALO STAMPEDE** - THAT'S WHAT WAS THUNDERING RIGHT DOWN THE MAIN STREET OF CANYON CITY!

CLEAR THE STREETS! GET OUT OF THE WAY OR YOU'LL GET TRAMPLED!



GETTING OUT OF THE WAY... THAT WAS ALL WE COULD DO! THE ONLY WAY BUFFALO STAMPEDES STOPPED WAS AFTER THE BUFFALOES GOT TIRED OF RUNNING...

IN AND OUT OF TOWN LIKE A TORNADO, AN' LEFT AS MUCH DAMAGE!

I NEVER SAW A BUFFALO HERD STAMPEDE THROUGH A TOWN BEFORE! THEY ALWAYS AVOID PEOPLE AND PLACES!

THERE'S ALWAYS A FIRST TIME FOR EVERYTHING, MARSHAL!

AND THERE WAS A FIRST TIME FOR SOMETHING ELSE, AND THOUGH WE DIDN'T KNOW IT, PROOF OF IT WAS RIGHT OUTSIDE OF TOWN THAT DAY...

I SAID I'D BREAK OUT OF THAT "ESCAPE-PROOF" PEN... AND THAT I'D GET MY REVENGE! THAT BUFFALO STAMPEDE I STARTED WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING!



THE NEXT DAY, BEFORE CANYON CITY EVEN HAD A CHANCE TO RECOVER FROM THE BUFFALO STAMPEDE, ANOTHER DISASTER HIT THE TOWN!



FIRE!

GET A BUCKET BRIGADE STARTED!

WE'RE GETTING IT UNDER CONTROL, MARSHAL! SURE IS A MYSTERY HOW THE FIRE GOT STARTED!



AFTER FINDING THIS, IT'S MORE OF A MYSTERY WHO STARTED IT!

THE FOLLOWING DAY, WE FOUND THE TOWN'S WATER SUPPLY POLLUTED...

SOMEBODY PUT SOMETHIN' INTO THE DRINKIN' WATER!



AND AFTER THAT... SATURDAY MORNING IT WAS... WE FOUND THE BANK HAD BEEN ROBBED!

HOT A DIME LEFT, MARSHAL!



AND SUNDAY, THE CITY HALL WAS BLASTED...



WE CAME TO SEE YOU, MARSHAL... CALISE ME AND THE CITIZENS FIGURED SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO RUIN OUR TOWN... LIKE HE WAS TRYING TO GET REVENGE OR SOMETHING!

THREE YEARS AGO, SOMEBODY WARNED YOU THAT HE'D BE BACK TO DO THAT... AND YOU ALL LAUGHED AT HIM!



YOU MEAN "RED" ROOKER? BUT HE'S LOCKED UP IN THE FEDERAL PEN... AND IT'S ESCAPE-PROOF!

LIKE YOU SAID... THERE'S A FIRST TIME FOR EVERY THING! I JUST GOT A MESSAGE FROM THE PENITENTIARY THAT "RED" ROOKER WAS ESCAPED!





WHEN I GOT TO THE TOP OF MAMMOTH MOUNTAIN, "RED" WAS HID OUT BEHIND A BOULDER...

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE UP TO, "RED." DON'T LIGHT THAT FUSE!

I'M GOIN' TO START A LANDSLIDE THAT'LL SMOTHER THE WHOLE TOWN! YOUR BULLETS CAN'T GET TO ME, EARP!

THE FUSE IS LIT, EARP! THERE'S NO WAY YOU CAN STOP ME NOW FROM GETTING MY REVENGE AGAINST THE TOWN!

BUT AS SOON AS YOU THROW THAT DYNAMITE, "RED," I'M GOING TO START THIS BOULDER ROLLING... AND YOU'RE RIGHT IN ITS PATH!



"RED" ROOMER'S UPLIFTED ARM FREEZE! THE DYNAMITE FUSE SPUTTERED...



YOU'VE GOT ABOUT SIXTY SECONDS, "RED!"

TEN SECONDS WENT BY! TWENTY WENT! THEN RED YELLED...

O.K., MARSHAL! YOU WIN! I'M PUTTIN' OUT THE FUSE!



WHEN I GOT BACK TO TOWN WITH MY PRISONER, I HAD SOME EXPLAINING TO DO...

BUT HOW DO DABBLING WITH YOUR COLORS HELP IDENTIFY "RED" WHO'S SHAVED HIS HEAD AND ADDED A FALSE MUSTACHE?

I FIGURED RED KNEW HE'D BE TOO OBVIOUS WITH HIS RED HAIR, SO ON SOME OLD WANTED POSTERS OF HIM, I PAINTED DIFFERENT COLORED HAIR AND DISGUISES TO SEE WHAT HE'D LOOK LIKE!

AND THE ONE WHERE I PAINTED OFF ALL HIS HAIR AND ADDED A BLACK MUSTACHE LOOKED LIKE THE MAN BUYING THE DYNAMITE, SO I CALLED HIM BY HIS RIGHT NAME... AND HE ANSWERED!

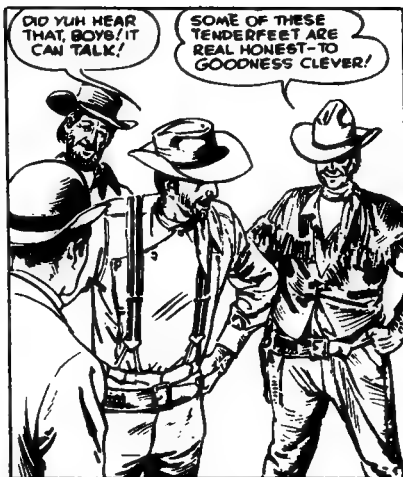
AND ONCE AGAIN, AS THE PRISON WAGON TOOK "RED" AWAY, HE MADE A SPEECH... BUT THIS TIME, NOBODY LAUGHED...

YOU WIN, EARP... A MAN'S A FOOL TO LIVE FOR REVENGE. I KNOW THAT NOW!



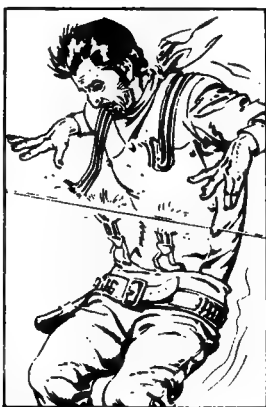
Tenderfoot in Town











AS FAR AS THE RECORDS SHOW, NO FURTHER TROUBLE WAS MADE FOR MAJOR DON THOMPSON AND HIS WIFE IN TRAIL'S END... AND FROM THAT DAY ON, ANY TENDERFOOT WHO ARRIVED IN TOWN WAS TREATED WITH RESPECT UNMATCHED ANYWHERE IN THE WEST!

THE END

THE MARSHAL WHO TAMED THE WEST!



WYATT EARP

HIS GUNS ARE THE LAW!



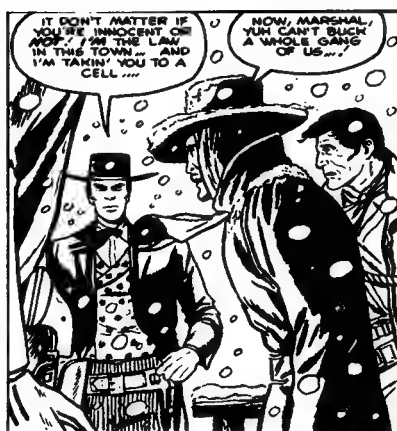
PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

WYATT EARP

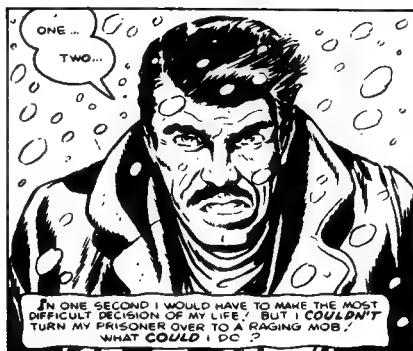
FRONTIER MARSHAL

IT'S A STRANGE THING — YOU CAN TAKE A FEW DOZEN RESPECTABLE CITIZENS OF A TOWN AND ONE AT A TIME THEY'LL BE ORDINARY, GOD-FEARIN', LAW-ABIDIN' FOLK. BUT PUT 'EM ALL TOGETHER AND MIX 'EM UP WITH SOME RABBLE-ROUSERS, AND THEY TURN INTO ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS THINGS A LAWMAN EVER HAS TO FACE — A MOB. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN ...









BEFORE THE RANGER FINISHED TALKING, WHAT HAD BEEN A MADDENED MOB DISINTEGRATED INTO SINGLE, SHAME-FILLED PEOPLE... WALKING AWAY... HEADS BOWED... EYES DOWNCAST... THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEY HAD ALMOST MURDERED AN INNOCENT MAN GNAWING AT THEIR TORTURED SOULS!



PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER

WYATT EARP

FRONTIER MARSHAL



WHAT CAN YOU DO WITH A GAL LIKE THAT? I SURE COULDN'T DRAW AND SHOOT AT HER... SO I DID THE ONLY THING POSSIBLE! I HIGHTAILED IT OUT OF THERE — PRONTO!





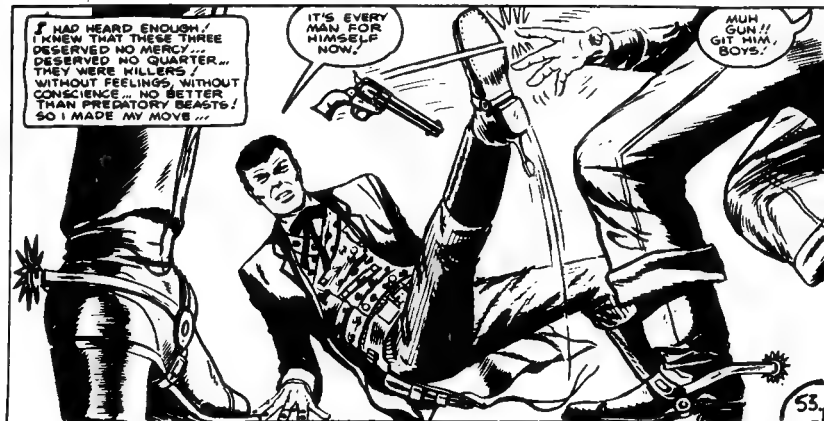
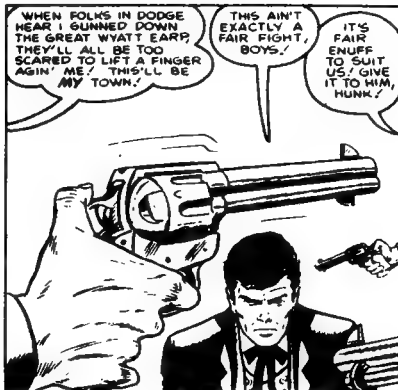
NOW I KNEW WHY SALLY CLARK HATED LAWMEN... ANY GAL MIGHT WHO WAS THE SISTER OF SAM CLARK, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS GUNMEN WEST OF THE RIO GRANDE.



I WAS SO INTERESTED IN WHAT WAS GOING ON BETWEEN SAM CLARK AND HIS SISTER, THAT I DIDN'T HEAR THE FOOTSTEPS BEHIND ME, UNTIL



WHAT I SAW NEXT MADE MY BLOOD BOIL! THERE WAS A SUDDEN HAND MOVEMENT, A RINGING IMPACT, AND SALLY CLUTCHED HER FACE WITH DISBELIEF IN HER SHOCKED EYES, SAM'S FINGER MARKS STILL ON HER CHEEK.



MY LIFE DEPENDED UPON NOT STAYING STILL LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO GET A BEAD ON ME! I GRABBED HUNK BEFORE HE COULD AIM HIS COLT... AND SPUN HIM AROUND!



HOLDING HIM IN A ONE-ARMED HALF-NELSON, I DREW HIS OTHER COLT WITH MY REMAINING HAND! AT LAST I WAS ARMED AGAIN! AND HUNK DID THE ONE USEFUL THING IN HIS WASTED LIFE... HE ACTED AS A SHIELD...



RUSTLER'S MOON

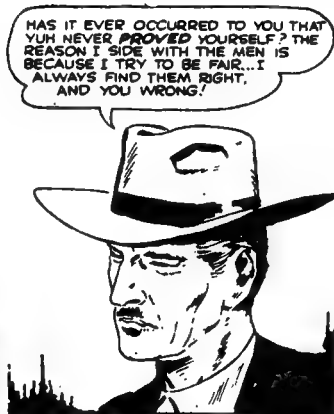
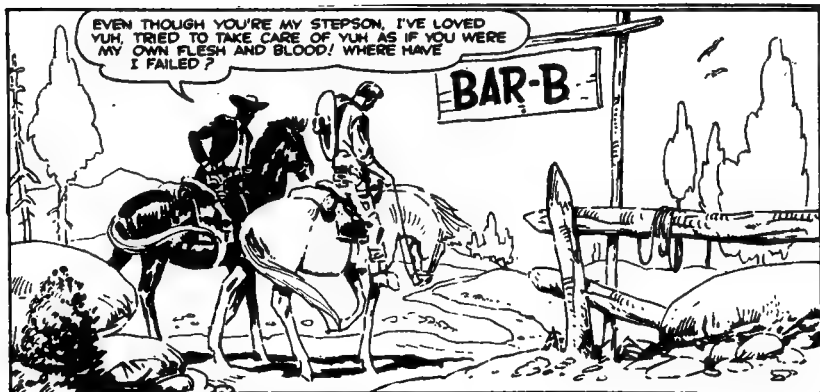
THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND STILL 'EXCEPT FOR THE STEADY HUM OF FORTY STEERS BREATHING AS THEY SLEPT, THERE WAS NO SOUND SAVE THE WHISPERING OF THE WIND! THE MOON WAS NEW, BATHING THE VALLEY IN A FAINT, SHIMMERING LIGHT 'IT WAS A 'RUSTLER'S MOON'... AND IT WAS UNDER THAT MOON THAT THE RUSTLER STRUCK'

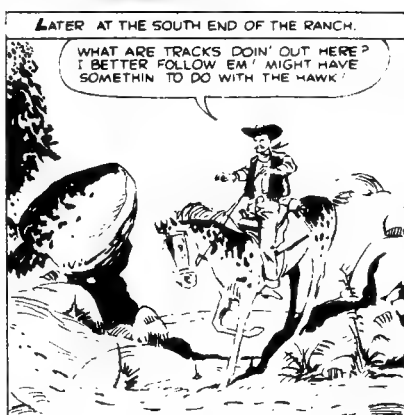


BEFORE MERCIFUL UNCONSCIOUSNESS BLANKETED THE INJURED COWBOY, HIS STARTLED EYES SAW

IT'S THE
HAWK...







THE LOYAL FOREMAN FOLLOWED THE STRANGE TRACKS UP INTO THE HILLS, UNTIL JUST AS THE SUN WAS SETTING





THAT'S RIGHT! AND AFTER I TAKE CARE OF YUH, I'LL LEAVE 'EM TO BE FOUND NEAR THE TRAIL YUH LEFT TO THIS CAVE ...AND I'LL BE THE HOMBRE WHO CAUGHT THE HAWK! ONLY I'LL HAVE TO SHOOT YOU BEFORE THE OTHERS ARRIVE ... IN SELF-DEFENSE, OF COURSE!



YOU'RE EVEN LOWER THAN I THOUGHT YOU WE'RE! AFTER ALL YOUR FATHER DONE FER YUH!

THOSE ARE THE LAST WORDS YOU'RE EVER GONNA SAY, TEX.



AT THE SAME SECOND AS FRANK SHOT, TEX HURLED HIMSELF TO ONE SIDE, OUT OF THE PATH OF THE BULLET! BUT THE VIBRATIONS FROM THE GUN BLAST, LOOSENED THE HEAVY ROCKS ABOVE... AND...

LOOK OUT, KID!



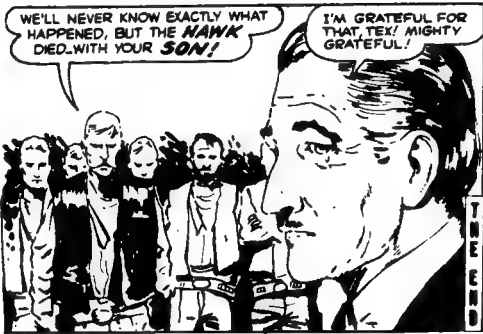
POOR SICK HOMBRE! HE COULDN'T EVEN PULL THAT OFF RIGHT!



FRANK'S BODY WAS NEVER RECOVERED FROM THE MASS OF ROCKS! THE STORY OF HIS DEATH THAT MISTER BENNETT HEARD FROM HIS FOREMAN WAS THE KINDEST STORY EVER TOLD...

WE'LL NEVER KNOW EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED, BUT THE **HAWK** DIED...WITH YOUR **SON!**

I'M GRATEFUL FOR THAT, TEX! MIGHTY GRATEFUL!



PAGES OF TRUE TALES FROM THE LIFE OF THE WEST'S MOST FAMOUS PEACE OFFICER.

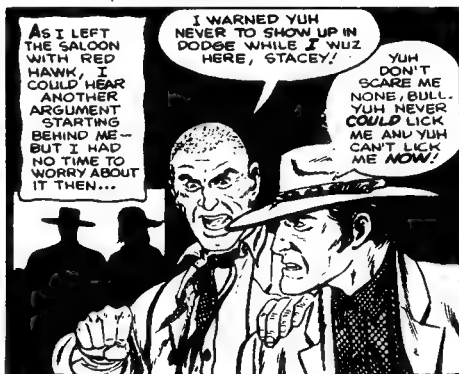
WYATT EARP

FRONTIER MARSHAL



DODGE CITY WAS NEVER WHAT YOU'D CALL A PEACEFUL TOWN AT BEST-- BUT WHEN RED HAWK, THE APACHE, CAME TO DODGE, THINGS REALLY BEGAN TO HUM-- AND THAT MEANT TROUBLE FOR ME, WYATT EARP-- MARSHAL OF DODGE CITY!





I KNEW THAT BULL NORBETT AND STACEY DUNN HAD BEEN FEUDING FOR YEARS-- BUT RIGHT NOW, MY PROBLEM WAS WHAT TO DO WITH RED HAWK.



MESSE SO, RED HAWK-- BUT SEE HOW PEOPLE ARE LOOKIN' AT YUH. IF YOU STAY HERE, THERE'S BOUND TO BE TROUBLE.

MAYBE SO. WYATT EARP KNOWS BEST.



THE NEXT MORNING, I WAS WAKENED WITH A START AT MY OFFICE IN THE JAIL, WHERE I HAD BEEN SLEEPING...



IT'S STACEY DUNN. THEY JUST FOUND HIM BEHIND THE SALOON!

LET'S GO.

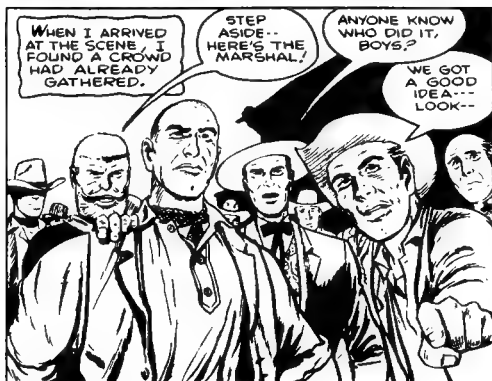


WHEN I ARRIVED AT THE SCENE, I FOUND A CROWD HAD ALREADY GATHERED.

STEP ASIDE-- HERE'S THE MARSHAL!

ANYONE KNOW WHO DID IT, BOYS?

WE GOT A GOOD IDEA-- LOOK--



AN APACHE FEATHER!

STACEY ALMOST GUNNED RED HAWK LAST NIGHT-- THE APACHE MUSTA SNEAKED BACK AND SHOT 'IM!









